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The CHS owns a wonderful supply of objects to sell now. I am delighted. While we were at the Library, JVB and Oliver and Kay Shifler and I helped a Mr. Vandenberg hang a sign out the second story windows of the Library, the text of which I can not recall at the moment. I know it is essentially "help libraries, vote yes on the referendum." We parted company at the Library after having hung the sign and then JVB and I went to the Post Office and did the bulk mailing that he and I had prepared the night before. From there we went back to the Library to assess the depths of the CHS's new supply of treasures. We looked through all of the boxes and sorted and stacked and had a grand time. JVB and I stored some of the neckties and a small quantity of each of the articles in the room with the xerox machine in it on the second floor. I always get nervous having all of the copies of a particular item in one place, and so that is why samples of each of the items in the main lode have been stored on the second floor of the Library. The main lode had been stored in the room off the furnace room in the basement of the CPL. JVB and I sat in the meeting room on the second floor (where the xerox machine is) and looked at the aerial map of Carbondale that was taken in 1970 from an airplane. I discovered an electric typewriter in the room and tried it out and it works just fine and John played with the adding machine. JVB and I then went out to RTP's and Laura was at home and I said that I would be on the walk on Sunday and maybe John. We then went up to the Homestead and prepared to go to Elk Hill--I telephoned from RTP's to find out if the sky lift was operating and it was--on this weekend and this weekend only, and it was free. I tried to get Peg to see if she wanted to go but she was not at home and so JVB and I set out. It was a radiant autumn day and just perfect for looking at the countryside and taking a ride on a skylift. JVB had never been to Elk Hill before. We walked around the lodge and then go in line for the lift and had to wait for about 10 minutes and then we were off--the lift is high enough just enough to be frightening but not so high as to be terrifying. John was a relaxer as if he were sitting in a chair on a back porch. The ride up was lovely. JVB was amused by my fears. When we got to the top we looked in all directions and then sat down to admire the countryside. We talked about the ice age and the formation of mountains and rivers and valleys and JVB spoke of a Wisconsin Ice Age--apparently there is an area of Wisconsin that was not frozen over by the last Ice Age and in that area there are certain varieties of animals (squirrels) that exist in that place only and no where else in North America. John and I were both overwhelmed by the immensity of the earth from our lofty perspective, just as we were in looking at the aerial view of Carbondale in the Library. We stayed at the top of the mountain for about a half-hour and then descended, had a hot dog (me) and a slice of pizza (JVB) and then left. We drove through Elkdale and stopped at the Cemetery and both of us remarked how different the Cemetery seemed at this season than it did in high summer. JVB said, as he looked at the Church at Elkdale Cemetery: "I really like this building. Shall we have a look at the inside?" I suggested that we move on and not look at the interior today. We stopped at the Russian Orthodox Cemetery near Dundaff and paid our respects at the grave of JVB's great grandparents. We also discovered a Steponaitis plot in the Cemetery. Before leaving for Elk Hill, JVB called his grandmother to find out if she knew anything about an Alexander Steponaitis. A Louise Drob from Newton Lake called for me at the Homestead on Saturday morning to see what information I might have on Alexander Steponaitis. John's grandmother said that she knew that there was a John Steponaitis buried in the Russian Cemetery at Elkdale--and JVB and I located his grave (John W. Steponaitis / Sgt U S Army/

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World War II / 1912 - 1980) also grave stones with the following inscriptions: ( S T E P O N A I T I S / John / 1912-1980 / Mary 1922- / Baby Boy / John Steponaitis 1959). John Steponaitis, 1912-1980, lived, says Mrs. Buberniak, at Union Dale. I note that there is a John Steponaitis, RD 1 Union Dale, 679-2712 in the telephone book. Apparently Alexander Steponaitis was the grandfather of Louise Drob, who I will have to write (she lives at Newton Lake) or telephone: 222-3713. When JVB and I were at Elkdale Cemetery, JVB looked at the Church and said that he would like to live in the Church. So would I. Perhaps I will buy the building and move in. When JVB was on the phone with his grandmother, she asked to talk to me. She said some very nice things to me about myself. She said that she is very happy that I am around to influence John. I thanked her for her kind remarks about me and said that John and I were interested in many of the same things and so it was almost inescapable that we were friends. On our return trip from Elk Hill, we stopped at the Homestead and I got a calendar for John's grandmother and then drove John into town and said that the walk was on for the following day and that the walking party would be at the Fallbrook Falls for lunch at 12:30 and that if he could make it out to the Falls, he could join the walk at that point. JVB said that he would try. When I returned to the Homestead, I watched "The Man Who Came to Dinner" and two hours of "Hawaii" with Julie Andrews and Richard Harris and then went to bed. On Sunday morning I got up at 9 A.M. and "dressed" for the 4-H Walk (sport coat, tie; I carried a small American flag)--at 10 A.M. I arrived at RTP's and the other 19 people who were gathered for the walk were there. Most of them young girls and they were all amused and startled by my "costume" and naturally one must be formal when in the woods. From RTP's we walked up through Decker's Field and then up to Mud Pond and then down by the outlet and from there over the hill towards Carbondale along the spill over and eventually we arrived at the strip mining pits behind Carbondale High School and we examined the steam shovel and then walked to Fallbrook Falls where we lunched. John never showed up. During the walk, he called HLRP to say that he could not get a ride out to the Falls and his Grandmother also talked to HLRP and said some nice things to her about me, so HLRP reported when the walk was over. From the Falls we went up through the Catholic Cemetery and onto the power line and from there up to the panoramic overview of Carbondale and then on to the ledges at the water gap near the reservoir, where we rested in the sun for about 1/2 hour. It was a spectacular autumn day. The sun came out wonderfully as we lunched at the Falls which took about one hour. From the ledges (where I passed around the roll sheet that is given on the following page) we walked up along the reservoir and then through the water company and back to RTP's--the whole walk took about six hours. It was wonderful. At RTP's we had grilled frankfurters, cool aid, potato chips. At about 6 I returned to the Homestead and packed and WSP drove me to the Martz 9:35 bus. I was exhausted. The week end had been wonderful.